

CKUA Renovation Ratified By Governors

Once Upon a Time . . .

By Mary Barbara Mason

Sadie Hawkins has come and gone, and Varsity has settled down in its regular routine of lectures, studying, and an occasional Tuck date. Furrowed brows and worried looks, crammed libraries and a minimum of loitering in the halls are sure symptoms that November tests are upon the unhappy ones. Despite such things as exams, The Gateway must carry on.

Skimming through pages of the official publication of the Students' Union, I thought you might be interested to know:

1933: that was the year the Varsity skating rink became ours when the Government loan was paid off. The credit for the idea of a student skating rink goes to Dr. Mark Levey, Union president 1925-26, who started the whole thing. Twenty-five thousand dollars was needed, a fifth of which was raised on or about the campus, the rest borrowed from the government. Professors Morrison and Burgess drew up the plans, and on Dec. 1, 1927, the rink, Our Rink, opened. For fifteen years the rink has been the skaters' paradise, and served its purpose well for many an intercollegiate hockey game. This year the rink still serves in quite a different way. Skaters and hockey fans will miss it, but with Canada at war no one would have it otherwise.

The Gateway staff, crusaders in all novel ideas, rummaged through books, listened to the radio, and even put out a questionnaire to find—what a torch song really is? The Gateway said it was a baritone moan indulging in cheap sentiment. The lawyer stated it was a song of flaming youth. The poly ecceer voiced his opinion that it was an ode to a red-haired girl. From the House Ecceer the scribe learned that these little home-makers thought it was a chant about the heat in an oven. The Engineers, as usual, won the day with their definition of a torch song as, quote, "just a mild aphrodisiac." Do you agree?

We like one Gateway chronicler's ideas about a Freshman who thought more of the Arts Building than Tuck, of the Sophomore who does not think big words a sign of intellect.

The Editor of some gone-by Gateway gave voice to a bit of homely wisdom, quote: "A school girl's essay in a Montana paper ran something like this, 'When we go camping we must keep the place neat, we must be careful to put out our fires. This is God's country; don't make it look like hell.'"

By this time every year rugby is forgotten and hockey had its place in the limelight. Many were the games when the rink was packed to overflowing and the roof raised with the screams of excited fans. You remember, don't you, the names of Talbot, Scott, Tallman and Stark, all of whom took their places in U. of A. sporting annals and in ice-fans' hearts.

Inaugurated many years ago, and an immediate success, was the photograph section in The Gateway. Leading the way, as usual, The Gateway was the first college paper to innovate such pictorial section. It consisted of photographs of college celebrities and familiar things about the campus. Pictured in this sheet, among other things, yours truly found Paul Malone and Frank Swanson of the Edmonton Journal, the Wauneta room, the faithful bus, and Con Hall in various uses.

The jokes, if one can call the usual run of Casserole humor, jokes) in those editions, as I have had time to peruse, were, to say the least, disastrous, disturbing, dreadful, in fact bad. They were so bad that I couldn't bear to repeat any of them—except one:

"Even the cows are doing it."
"Doing what?"
"Hoarding." It says in the paper here, "Light Jersey Cow Hides Fourteen Cents."

We just couldn't finish until we had voiced some famous quotations from yesteryear. How do you like this: "Einstein seems to have my slant on relativity," as stated by some Physics prof somewhere. The famous Miss Rand was once heard to remark, "Costumes are all right in their place."

If time goes (on), so should I.

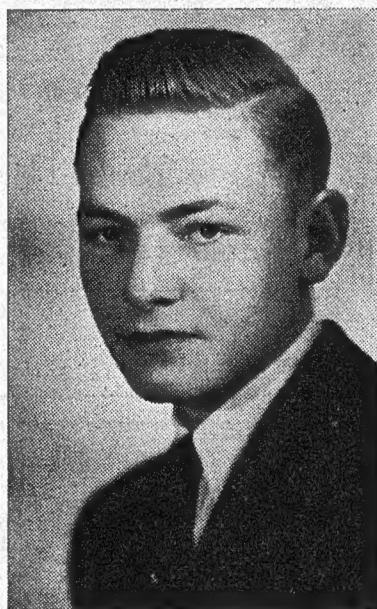
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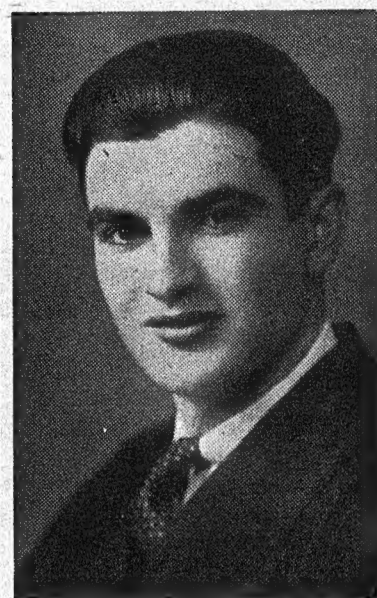
SENIOR DIRECTOR



MALE LEAD



ACTOR



E. Maldwyn Jones, Olive Duff, Mac Burke and Delmar Foote are principals in this year's Senior Class Play, "Still Stands the House," by Gwen Pharis. The date for class plays is Nov. 23.

NOTICE

Refund on the Evergreen and Gold will take place Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 5th and 6th, at the Cashier's office in the General Office. Green and Gold cards and fee receipts must be shown.

Political Science Club To Hear Needham

Mr. Richard Needham will address the Political Science Club Wednesday on the Freedom of the Press. This talk promises to be very stimulating, for Mr. Needham is the special features and magazine editor for the Calgary Herald, besides being an excellent speaker.

An open forum discussion will be held after the speech. The meeting will be held in the Med building at 7:45 p.m. All those interested are welcome.

Lectures, Labs Cancelled For Union Meeting

Entire Students' Council Present as Budget is Presented

VOTE TO O.K. BUDGET

Lectures and labs were cancelled between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock Wednesday morning, in order that all students might attend the first general meeting of the Students' Union to be held this season. The meeting was held in Convocation Hall. Main business on the agenda was the annual budget.

The meeting was opened with an address by Dr. W. A. R. Kerr, President of the University, and Honorary President of the Students' Union. The entire Students' Council was in attendance. Its president, Jack Neilson, introduced Ed Lewis, Union treasurer, who presented the budget. The meeting was open to general discussion at any time, and any student registered at the University was able to voice his opinions, or question the treasurer on any point. A vote held at the end of the meeting passed the budget.

Copy of the budget appeared in Friday's edition of The Gateway. Since it is concerned with the financial condition of every student organization, it is of vital interest to all students. The meeting also provided the Freshman class with the opportunity of becoming acquainted with Council members.

Wood to Address Cercle Francais

"Les Anciens et les folies du monde présente" is the topic which Miss Joan Wood, president of the French Club, will speak on this Wednesday, Nov. 6.

An entertaining feature will be the learning of a French song. Dr. Sonet will lead the singing, which is designed primarily to aid in correct pronunciation.

Tea will be served in Athabaska Lounge at a quarter past four, and a short program will precede the principal speaker.

Varsity Graduate Thrice Saved From Sea; Decorated By King

To be one of a few survivors of two naval disasters within a period of four months are merely a couple of episodes in a long series of interesting exploits of Surgeon-Lieut. T. Blair McLean, M.D., graduate of the U. of A. Dr. McLean was on the ill-fated Canadian destroyers Fraser and Margaree, which were both lost in collisions at sea while on active duty.

Dr. McLean, who is thirty years of age, has been thrice saved and honored by the King for meritorious service all within one year's active service. For nine years prior to his enlistment, he had been receiving instruction in the R.C.N.V.R. headquarters here in Edmonton. During this time he left University for a year and joined H.M.S. Vancouver on which he spent considerable time in the British West Indies. In August of 1939 Blair volunteered for active service with the Canadian Navy, and inside of two weeks received his call. He was stationed at Esquimaut, where he joined the Ottawa, and November 15 saw his ship sail for Halifax via the Panama Canal. At Halifax, Dr. McLean transferred to the Sick Bay, so called because it is the sailors' hospitals at the dockyards.

His duties from January to March were with the Canadian destroyer Saguenay. The Saguenay spent the winter months plowing through the stormy seas and riotous gales doing

Kingston, Ont. Is Hub of Activity As War Develops

Life at Queen's Develops Complications

BILLETING A PROBLEM

City Takes on Appearance of Garrison Town

KINGSTON, Ont., Nov. 4 (C.U.P.).—Queen's University students are faced with a peculiar yet serious problem as a result of the war. Kingston has always been a military centre, with R.M.C. and troops of the permanent force quartered there, but in war-time this concentration has been intensified many times.

There is a large development of the Empire Air Training Scheme, there are thousands of soldiers in training, and there is a naval school for seamen and for naval officers. This does not by any means limit the effect of the war on Kingston, for the Aluminum Company last year built a plant to form aeroplane parts, the Locomotive works is building locomotives, and the shipyards are building naval corvettes.

Workers for these industries and relatives of the soldiers have come into town in great numbers. And this is how it affects Queen's. Queen's has no men's residences. All the men and some of the girls live in boarding houses. The University has always issued a list of boarding houses near the University, listing their rates and accommodation.

Student Taxi Service
Some students came up in advance of registration, to make sure of getting a room. A free student taxi service was organized to take the student from places to place mentioned on the list, up this street and down the next. The boarding house list was soon exhausted. Before the end of registration some students had to spend the night in a hotel.

Rents have gone up to a slight degree. Where the standard rate for a single room was \$5.00 and the rent per person for double room was \$2.50, any room, single or double, is at \$3.00 per person. The situation has now reached equilibrium. Some homes that never took in a roomer before will take in one or two students. A student who is dissatisfied with his room has a good chance of finding another to move into.

No Trouble for Co-eds
The girls do not have the problem that faces the men, as there are women's residences to hold the greater part of the co-eds, and the Dean of Women arranges to have boarding houses reserved for the remainder.

As regards meals, the students do not have the same problem, for there is the Students' Union Cafeteria, which has kept its prices at the same level, and in spite of rising prices has kept the quality of the food at the same high level. This competition has kept the other restaurants and boarding houses in line.

It is hoped that at some future time Queen's will at last obtain a men's residence, and the reasonable profits from the operation of the cafeteria are being placed in a fund that will help in part to realize this dream.

Varsity Graduate Thrice Saved From Sea; Decorated By King

convoy work. His services were requested by the commander of the Fraser, which was leaving for calmer seas—the tropics. Dr. McLean enjoyed his work here, which was just out of Kingston Jamaica. On May 24 the Fraser embarked for English waters. On reaching the old country, McLean was given a short leave, in which he went to Oxford to visit another past Alberta graduate, Dr. Tommy Roulston, who is at present an interne in Radcliffe Infirmary.

In was in June during the evacuation of Bordeaux, just off the French coast, that the Fraser collided with another boat. The Fraser sank very rapidly. Due to the help of the Restigouche, one hundred out of the one hundred and forty-five crew members were saved, among them Dr. McLean. He informed his parents that only due to the bravery of Able Seamen Harry Leggett was he saved. Leggett and a companion were drifting on a raft when they hailed McLean, who had been in the water for an hour and a half. Leggett's salutation on recognizing the struggling doctor was, "Why, there's old Doc McLean, and he still has his hat on."

Thereafter McLean was stationed at the Royal Naval Barracks, Davenport, England. Just when he boarded the Margaree, on which all of the crew of one hundred and seventy-one member with the ex-

ANNOUNCES ELECTION



Freshman Elections Next Week

With Sophomore, Junior and Senior elections completed, the Freshman class will have their chance to elect an executive on Thursday, Nov. 14. There are seven positions to be filled: President, vice-president, secretary-treasurer, and four executive members. It is expected that the election will be hotly contested.

Deadline for nominations is Tuesday, Nov. 12. Nomination forms, which are to be signed by ten nominators and by the nominee, may be obtained at the Students' Union office, second floor, Arts building.

"Dime a Smile" At Coast Campus For War Effort

S.C. Organizes Financial Drive CO-EDS COLLECT

By Allison McEain
VANCOUVER, B.C., October 27 (C.U.P.).—Soon every co-ed on the U.B.C. campus will be a gold digger, but a gold digger with a difference. Putting on her most alluring smile, she will mine her boy friend for all his spare dimes to aid the University's war effort. Each dime she will glue firmly to a long strip of sticky paper. And when all her boy friends are broke—but not before—she will donate her takings to "Dime a Smile" campaign of the Students' Council.

The "Dime a Smile" campaign originated way back in 1937 when U.B.C. co-eds formed the "Mile of Nickels" campaign to obtain funds for the then-proposed Brock Hall. W.U.S. President Peggy Fox started the idea, and intended it to last for 25 years. Now that the Brock is finished and furnished and the needs of war are urgent, the campaign has been changed into the "Dime-a-Smile" campaign. The war is an extremely realistic thing to the U.B.C. co-eds, so each will put on her coat of amour for a good take.

How much is a mile of dimes worth? One dime is 11/16 of an inch in diameter. Hence in one mile there are 92,050 dimes. Therefore the money raised will be approximately \$9,000, or enough money to buy wool for 18,000 pairs of socks.

ARCHBISHOP HOLDS MASS FOR NEWMAN MEETING

A large gathering of Newman Club members was present at Mass and Holy Communion on Sunday morning in the chapel of St. Joseph's College. His Excellency, J. H. MacDonald, Archbishop of Edmonton, celebrated mass, and in a short sermon His Excellency stressed the importance of Divine faith in view of our troubled times. Three solos were sung by Joe Charyk, Leonard Gads and Bert Sparrow.

Following mass, breakfast was held in St. Joe's dining room. Mark Dumont, president of the club, announced the formation of four study groups, with Brother Azarius, Geo. Cormack, Jerry Amerongen, and Michel Dubuc as leaders. His Excellency, upon request from Father Murphy and Brother Ansbert, graciously granted permission to hold benediction of the most blessed sacrament each evening during the University term.

ception of thirty-one were lost, is not as yet known. The Margaree while on convey work in the North Atlantic clashed with a large merchant vessel, and the Margaree sank rapidly. McLean was again miraculously saved, and a wire dated October 29 stated that he was safe and sound in Bermuda.

Provincial Government to Share Station Control; Power Increase, Commercialization Very Likely

Dr. Kerr, Dean Newton and Donald Cameron, Varsity Members of New Radio Board

REORGANIZED GOVERNORS SETTLE QUESTION

Governors Met Last Week—H. H. Parlee, K.C., Takes Over as Chairman

At a meeting held Thursday morning, October 31st, the Board of Governors decided upon action to be taken regarding the University radio station. The provincial government will finance the rehabilitation of CKUA, and in return will share its control. The administration of the station will be committed to a small board of six members, three to be appointed by the government, and three by the University. University members are Dr. W. A. R. Kerr, Dean Newton, head of the Faculty of Agriculture, and Donald Cameron of the Extension Department. The station operates under license from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

Station equipment has become obsolete, so that the University was faced with the alternative of rehabilitation or of ceasing to operate. In all likelihood the station will be stepped up from 500 watts to 1000 watts, and programs will be released for approximately eighteen hours a day instead of the present seven.

Among other matters discussed at the meeting were the pension scheme, sick leave, the salary schedule, the position of the alumni publication, "Trail," and the question of an outdoor rink to replace the covered rink, which has been given a concrete floor and converted into a drill hall for war purposes.

The following appointments were made in the Faculty of Medicine: Dr. C. B. Rich to be Honorary Sessional Demonstrator in Clinical Medicine, and Dr. Percy H. Sprague to be Sessional Demonstrator in Clinical Medicine.

Donations of \$1,000 from the National Research Council for investigation in the Department of Field Crops, and of \$50 in aid of tests in the Department of Horticulture from the Edmonton Horticultural Society were received.

Members of the Board present were: Mr. H. H. Parlee, K.C., Chairman; Mr. J. W. Winn, Hon. A. C. Rutherford, President W. A. R. Kerr, Mrs. S. M. Gunn, Mr. F. E. Osborne, Dr. G. B. Sanford, Mr. Alfred Farilo, Dr. F. S. McCall, Dr. G. D. Stanley, Mr. J. F. Percival, and Mr. West.

U.B.C. Grads Come Home

By A. H. Backman

VANCOUVER, B.C., October 26 (C.U.P.).—U.B.C. students played host to the grads here yesterday and today to welcome the oldsters back to their home campus with one of the finest homecoming programs in years. For the first time in U.B.C. history, the traditional roll call included graduates of two war periods, World War I and World War II.

The opening stanza of the annual get-together was the regular homecoming rally held last evening, when the grads were officially welcomed to the Brock Hall, Student Union building on the Point Grey campus, which every grad had dreamed of and campaigned for.

Today they packed the Stadium, monument to another student campaign, to watch the Vancouver Bulldogs—steal a hard-earned victory from the U.B.C. Thunderbirds in the last sixty seconds of rugby warfare.

Following the game was the traditional tea dance in the Brock Hall, which filled the twilight hours until the climax of the whole homecoming programme—Theatre Night. Most spectacular and amusing performance was that of the U.B.C. engineers, who proved that the law of gravity was really true—and that Newton must have been hit by an apple.

Hard on the heels of the engineers was the March of Slime, tabloid presentation of the Publications Board and the Ulyssey, which presented for the first time intimate, uncensored, spicy yarns about the Dirty Nine—the lethargic members of the Students' Council.

NOTICE

Tickets for Sophomore Reception go on sale Wednesday, 10 a.m., for Freshmen and Sophomores. Juniors and Seniors may obtain their tickets on Thursday. Tickets sell for \$1.75 a couple.

NOTICE

The Students' Union Budget for 1940-41 was passed at the meeting Wednesday morning without a dissenting vote. There was very little discussion.

Indian Summer is Motif For Soph Saturday Night

Leaves Begin to Fall in Athabaska Hall at 8:30

LEWIS BAND TO PLAY

According to The Gateway dictionary the word "reception" means, quote—the act of being received; welcome; entertainment; admission—unquote.

Opportunity knocks for the Sophomores in their usual burst of generosity are spreading themselves to their annual Reception for Freshmen. For this wonderful occasion Athabaska dining room will don an autumn coat of vivid colors—browns, golds, reds, and what have you. Even the programs will match. The time for a visit to Indian summer is scheduled for 8:30 Saturday evening (see Fred Kendrick, schedule man). As every dance to be a dance must have patronesses, for this event of events Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. MacEachran and Miss Dodd will do the act of receiving the guests, who (to quote Webster), finding themselves in the state of being received, are made welcome to this entertainment, provided they have paid the \$1.75 admission.

Music, sweet slow music, by Cec Lewis and his orchestra, sweet girls, a floor and dancing feet promise to be characteristic of the Soph Reception. Even refreshments are due for a change, as this year's committee tries to outdo former Soph Receptions.

Remember:
The Time — 8:30 p.m. Saturday evening.

The Place—Athabaska Dining Hall. The Dress—Optional for men, co-eds formal.

The Requirements—Come with a gay spirit ready for enjoyment.

B.C. Professor On Love Life

By A. H. Backman

VANCOUVER, B.C., October 28 (C.U.P.).—Campus sweethearts, wood-pitchers, and sciencemen are at a premium as a result of the latest assignment of Dr. Morsh of the Department of Psychology. Telling his students of Abnormal Psychology to haunt obscure corners of the campus to analyze eccentrics and abnormal people, Dr. Morsh warned them to pay particular attention to people in love, jealous co-eds, and misanthropic engineers.

"Lovers and sweethearts," intimated Dr. Morsh, "just aren't normals. For that matter, neither are some sciencemen."

So for the next week "Lovers' Lane," former idyllic retreat of many, and all science labs will be infected with spies of the Department of Psychology, who will analyze, record and misconstrue normal actions of abnormal people.



Cercle Francais, Wednesday, 4:15 p.m., Athabaska Lounge.
Political Science Club, Wednesday, 7:45 p.m., Med. 158.
Choir Practice, Saturday, 1:30 p.m., St. Steve's Auditorium.
Sophomore Reception Dance, 8 p.m., Athabaska Dining Hall.

Tickets Now on Sale for Soph Reception Saturday Night!

THE GATEWAY



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TELEPHONE 31155

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF **LESLIE WEDMAN**
BUSINESS MANAGER **ALAN M. JOHNSON**

Tuesday Edition

Editor **Jack Park**
News Editor **Mary Barbara Mason**
Features Editor **John McVea**
Sports Editor **Fred Kendrick**
Women's Editor **Queena Wershof**
Casserole Editor **Ian Dunaway**

Business Staff

Circulation Manager **Gordon Holgate**
Assistant Circulation Manager **Don Campbell**
Advertising Solicitors **Stan Cameron, Bill Martin**

Invaluable addition to the service which the University radio station CKUA is already providing to Alberta listeners was made definite with the announcement Thursday by President W. A. R. Kerr of the Board of Governors' decision to adopt a proposal whereby station CKUA will secure funds from the provincial government to carry out a plan of rehabilitation and expansion.

The decision to put the station in the commercial broadcasting field was made after considerable thought and discussion by station officials, who wished to postpone setting up competition with other commercial stations until it became absolutely necessary. That time had come months ago, and it was now a matter of go commercial or go off the air. The Calgary Albertan is definitely misinformed when it writes: "The University seems to have been doing very well with the radio with lesser power. . . . There is nothing so emergent that the expenditure cannot be postponed until after the war."

The equipment of CKUA is out-of-date and absolute. The transmitter threatens to blow up at any moment, thus putting the station off the air indefinitely. No. There could be no delay until after the war. With the huge amount of money being spent directly on the war, the sum to be spent on the renovation of the station is comparatively small, and in its own way will go toward the Canadian war effort, by maintaining on the air the type of program which contributes greatly to the cultural life of Albertans.

Rehabilitation of the station will involve an expenditure of approximately \$30,000, an increase of power to 1,000 watts, and operation as a commercial station. In this way programs will be carried on the air closer to eighteen hours a day rather than seven. These will naturally be of as high a standard as they are at present, and will include a much wider range than the station is able to offer now. In addition, there will be more programs by the C.B.C., and commercial broadcasting will introduce a variety of sponsored programs.

In return for this CKUA gives up its independent status, and gives into the hands of the government half of the power to control the station. The future management will be vested in a board of six members, three to be appointed by the government and three men who have already been named by the University—Donald Cameron Director of the Department of Extension, Dean Newton of the Department of Agriculture, and Dr. W. A. R. Kerr.

The step taken by the Board of Governors has been given a great deal of prominence in certain newspapers in the south of the province, in what are nothing more than political attacks. Again quoting the Albertan:

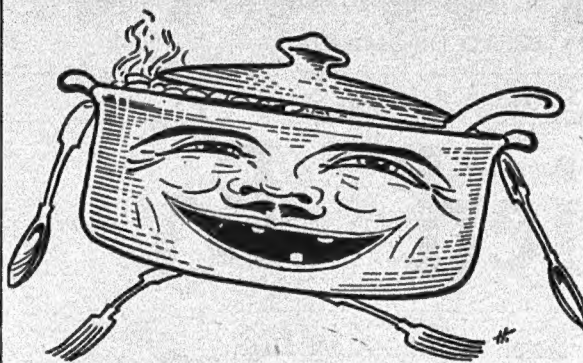
"The suspicion is the Government favors the expenditure with plans for using it (the radio station) for government propaganda. . . . It is even stated opposition or expected opposition to such a plan led to the abrupt dismissal from the Board of Governors of Chief Justice Harvey and three other members of the Board."

If this is the case, then the Albertan has a right to be alarmed, but until the time that definite statements positive or negative can be made regarding Mr. Aberhart's intentions, we can only view the decision of the Board with satisfaction, and trust that CKUA will be kept free of political tangles.

EDITORIAL SQUIBS

Following the whole-hearted reception which the poem, "If I Should Die" received in last Friday's Gateway, there have been numerous requests for the author's name. The poem was received the other day by a member of the University staff. Its author is Nathaniel Micklem, formerly of Queen's, now head of an Oxford College.

CASSEROLE



A certain lady (?) on the staff made a smart crack about clipping jokes for this what-you-may-call-it, and before I could reply one of my two admirers piped up: "Jack Benny doesn't write any jokes and he's doing all right."

"Well, son, what have you been doing all afternoon?"
"Shooting craps."
"That must stop. Those little things have as much right to live as you have."

A youthful curate, calling on his parishioners, arrived at a home in which there was a new baby. The proud mother exhibited the infant, and the curate was lavish in his praise of its beauty.
"How old is it?" he asked.
"Just two months old today," was the reply.
"How interesting. Is it your youngest?"

Better late than never . . . or is it?
The local pro had undertaken to give lessons to the new member of the golf club. The member had never played before in his life, and had to start right from the beginning.

The pro placed a ball on the first tee and, pointing to the flag on the green, remarked:
"The idea of this game is to place the ball as near to that flag as you can."

The novice drove off—and the ball stopped within six inches of the hole.

The pro was amazed, but his pupil merely inquired:
"And what do I do now?"

"You knock the ball into the hole," replied the expert.

"Into the hole!" exclaimed the new member. "Why the dickens didn't you tell me that before I drove?"

This may come true when the boys go to Saskatoon:
"What's this big item on your expense account?"
"Oh, that's the bill for the hotel!"
"Well, don't buy any more hotels."

A little yearning is a dangerous fling.

Discontented Wife—Several of the men whom I refused when I married you are richer than you are now.

Husband—That's why.

Some girls have gotten their knowledge in the school of hard necks.

An enthusiastic golfer came home to dinner. During the meal his wife said: "Willie tells me he caddied for you this afternoon."

"Well, do you know," said Willie's father, "I thought I'd seen that boy before."

Ask the man who owns one.

A colored preacher, at the close of his sermon, discovered one of his deacons asleep. He said, "We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown, you lead?"
"Lead?" said Deacon Brown, suddenly awakening.
"I just dealt."

A woman can be awfully sweet when she wants, too.

Doctor: "Don't worry about your wife. You'll have a different woman when she comes back from the hospital."

Anxious Husband: "Yeah, and what if she finds out?"

Tailor in Athens to customer who has just bought a pair of pants:
"Euripedes?"
"Eumendes."

Speaking of athletes, this one came up the other day:

Coach—Are you a letter man?
Soph—No, definitely not. She might want to, but I won't letter.

Tomorrow is the chance we've all been waiting for. It is the first meeting of the Students' Union, and takes place in Convocation Hall Wednesday, from 11 to 12 noon. Treasurer Ed Lewis will present the budget, which should arouse some questions, if not opposition. Remember, since all lectures and labs are cancelled, you are expected to turn out and take an active part in your administration. If you can't help bring down the budget, at least come and bring down the house!

First big formal dance of the year is the Soph Reception to Freshmen. Saturday night is the time, Athabaska Hall the place. The cost is \$1.75 per couple, and the rest is up to you. The Soph Executive is spending all available time on preparations for their affair. Don't disappoint them!

'Flu, we read some place, is both positive and negative. Sometimes the eyes have it, sometimes the nose.

CANADIAN CAMPUS

By DOUG WILSON
C.U.P. Editor, Queen's Journal
(A C.U.P. Release)

We see by the papers that the lovely Madeleine Carroll came to McGill and gave a lecture to the students of English 4. Sweet and beautiful are the fruits of publicity for Miss Carroll's latest picture. We could even get up with a smile for an eight o'clock lecture, those banes of our existence, for a lecture from her. But think of the horrible shock when you go to the next lecture and leave Paradise for this workaday world.

The sophomore engineers at Queen's had a novel idea for their dance. They had a "lead the band" contest, in which all the would-be maestros at the dance had a chance to assert their subconscious selves and lead the band in any way and style they liked. Three guys and two gals took part, and the winner was chosen by popular vote. One fellow did not give the down beat at the beginning, and the band did not begin, leaving him gesticulating. After this they waited for the band to begin before their self-expression began. Another maestro led the band up to a thunderous climax and stopped, only to find the band playing on. The winner was a male, Inar Ray Hutton, who strutted, stomped and Mae Wested his hips for all it was worth.

They had a Bogey Ball for Halloween out at the University of Saskatchewan. The wild and woolly westerners were sad that this effete age had taken away their annual Halloween mud fight, but they tried to make up for it in a tug-of-war between faculty teams. Then each college ran a booth, in which you could spend your nickels in as innocent a fashion as getting a hot dog or in the dissipated, delusory crown and anchor game. With a good orchestra and a large floor, fun and games were had by all.

Military training is in full swing at all universities across Canada, and as every ordeal has its humorous side, we thought we'd offer these little gems. They may help you to bear up, who knows? At Queen's we do our evening drill in the gymnasium, which, large as it is, gets rather crowded. There is the stamping of the feet, the clatter of rifle movements, and the barking of commands in various peculiar tones and accents. Two units were marching steadily toward each other. The



The University,
Edmonton, Alberta,
October 30, 1940.

Editor, The Gateway.
Sir—This letter is written to annoy at least 50 per cent. of the student body. It will deal purely with destructive criticism. It will have failed in its purpose unless it draws down upon its head many angry words and letters.

What the devil's wrong with The Gateway? Well, what the devil's right with it? "U.B.C. Object to Drill Schedule." This was one of the headlines meant to startle the eye, but how feeble it proved. . . . consequently decided to seek revision of the time-tables . . . What it really came down to was that U.B.C. was having trouble with their time-table. So what? I had trouble with mine, too. The other big headline on the front page of the same copy was about Sadie Hawkins, but it didn't say anything. It told us that the "authorities had not yet been approached" and that its history was "intriguing". (Sour grapes, you say?) Then comes the editorial with as much bite and fight to it as a lame jellyfish. Casserole, too, is nothing much more than a smut menu bearing a very strong allegiance to the Miner's Rag. "This 'N That" and "Fluffy Stuff" aren't even worth mentioning, except for the fact that they are typical of the whole paper. It's all fluffy stuff.

Well, what would an American student or an English student think of our University or of our students if he had only The Gateway to go by? I can guess. He'd think that all we thought about was make-up, Sadie Hawkins, and rugby. All these may be fine in their place, but surely it isn't worth filling eight or more pages a week with them. If he got as far as page three or four, the student might find a passing reference to the war and to the part we are playing in it (however small that part may be). I'm not advocating more war articles; far from it. But if there isn't anything better to fill the pages of The Gateway with than the stuff that's filling them now, well, let's save the paper for darts and the ink for those who can put it to some good use.

Yours truly,
STUDENT.

Toscanini's notion of relaxing is to turn on the radio and listen to the flow of programs. He takes in his stride, symphonies, jazz, balladry. Once he tuned in on the middle of a symphony. "Not bad," he observed to the people in the room. "That fellow has a feeling for tempo. The phrasing is good." When it ended the announcer said, "You have been listening to a recording of the 'Pastoral' Symphony conducted by Arturo Toscanini." The Maestro snapped off the radio, and gave it a swift kick as he stormed out of the room, chagrined not to have recognized his own reading.—Howard Taubman in The Etude, Philadelphia.

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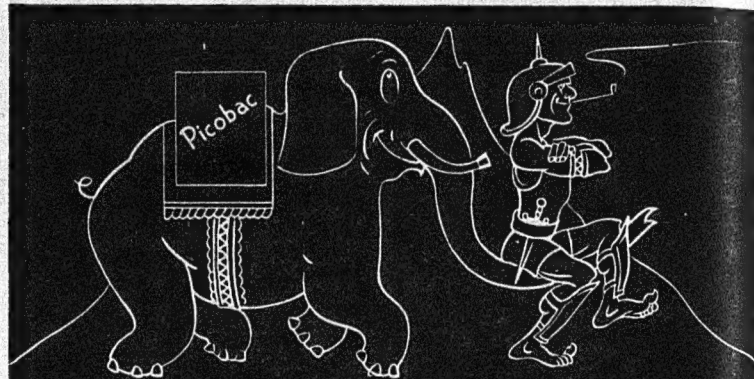
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Theatre Directory

PRINCESS—Wed., Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 6, 7, 8—Ginger Rogers in "The Primrose Path" and Lynn Bari in "Free, Blonde and 21."
STRAND—Tues., Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 5, 6, 7—Errol Flynn in "The Sea Hawk."
EMPRESS—Wed., Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 6, 7, 8—Richard Dix in "Men Against the Sky" and Anita Louise in "The Villain Still Pursued Her."
RIALTO—Wed., Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 6, 7, 8—"Rose Marie" with Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; "Pirates of the Skies" with Kent Taylor and Rochelle Hudson. Last times today: "Our Town."
CAPITOL—Starting Wednesday—James Stewart and Rosalind Russell in "No Time for Comedy."
VARSCONA—Wednesday and Thursday—"Swiss Family Robinson" and Joe Penner in "The Day the Bookies Wept."
GARNEAU—Today and Wednesday—"Three Loves Has Nancy," also "The Ware Case."

SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS

(A Weekly Analysis by)
MIKE ROWSCOPE

Since this 1940-41 session has started, the campus has had an ample supply of headlines of the week. We bring to you, our dear readers, a headline from within the confines of our own dear faculty, a headline which speaks of courage and fortitude, to the end that science may prosper and that mankind may reap rewards from the efforts of those who gave, who gave all, knowing they gave not in vain. In short, fellow students, we present, in its first public statement, the "Mosaic of the Urinal Competition Trophy."

For those who are still ignorant of the principles and ideals involved—oh! unhappy mortals!—we briefly explain: the learned Faculty of Medicine has decreed that they, who dare to aspire to the degree, Doctoris Medicinæ, must prove that, in their fourth year of this study, they are Men! Honorable Men! Worthy Men!—but Men! Urinalysis requires an adequate vol. of sample. And herein, my dear readers, lies the tale.

It is known, psychologically speaking, that the principle of adequate reward will stimulate effort. What nobler effort could be made, and is being made, in the hearts and bladders of our valiant and never-tiring fourth year Meds, than that in progress at this very moment. It is to the end that those, our heroes, may spur themselves to even greater heights (or it is depths?) that the Mosaic of the Urinal Trophy is offered in fair competition.

And so, dear readers, having learned of the appreciation of the ideals involved that led our noble mentor to make this contribution, we feel sure that you will pay homage to those who, even now, are sacrificing and giving of their very best, that you may sleep in comfort.

From our representative of the executive we learn that films of medical topics are to play an important part at future M.U.S. meetings. It is considered that no finer way is available for passing on knowledge of such pertinent nature to a body of approximately 200 medical students than that of showing actual movies. This is really making use of findings obtained in recent educational investigations to the effect that movies awaken and hold the interest of a suitable audience.

given a suitable topic. All that remains, now that we have the suitable topics, is for all members to provide a suitable audience when called upon.

Wish we could get in touch with Maxwell—we're worried!

At this time, as at any other time possible between and Nov. 16, we wish to give some vital statistics on the Med Banque. Time—it's the same; you remember, Nov. 16—Saturday night at the Macdonald. You're to present yourselves around 7 o'clock, wet or dry (sorry, we mean come rain or snow). But this thought the executive of M.U.S. wishes to convey to the members.

M.U.S., as well as everyone else, know how well Meds can hold their liquor (no cracks). Well, this year M.U.S. suggests that you hold it even tighter. Let's have no more insults to the president—that doesn't constitute a good time—that's just making a fool of yourself. No one will mind the odd heckling or singing (which is worse), but if it is to be done, let's get organized. Don't be selfish and do all the noise-making yourself. As adults, you know that the pleasure of good liquor is not in the display of the volume you hold—that's the cheap stuff.

The quality of good liquor, good company, good speakers and a good time is determined by the friendship aroused, not the antagonism.

So Meds, as the executive suggests, let's drink our liquor like men—intelligent and educated men, for that's what you purport to be, and thus let's make the banquet for 1940-41 bigger, better and less damaging than ever before, regardless of the quantity or quality of your spirit. We'll all be there Saturday, Nov. 16, around 7 p.m.

To those who want to make Med sports a winner—how would Bobby Fritz look in a stiff lab, up until 4 p.m., and out on the field after 4 p.m.?

To those who want to make Med students better Med students—how would an Engineer look in a stiff lab? Answer, up from the table—Dope!

Much Ado About Nothing

By QUEENA WERSHOF

Well! it's all over now.
No more Tuck dates,
No more cokes,
No more walking on the wrong side of the street.

With cross-eyed blokes.

Our humble apologies. Our Muse was a little tired after the hectic week. But seriously, a vote of thanks should be given to those students who worked so hard to make Sadie Hawkins' Week a success. And I think everybody will agree it was a success. Long live Sadie Hawkins—and Little Abner, too.

American universities always seem to be starting something. The latest is a Coke Hour for co-eds. Bridge, cribbage, 500 and rummy are played while cokes and the latest gossip are served up. We aren't saying anything. We are just thinking...

The latest definition of Yehudi. He's da guy who spends all his time trying to find word to rhyme with spitzitginn. Now you know!

Here's a recipe we forgot to include last week. Diddle Dumpling: Take an ounce or two of dumpling powder; think of a number; duple

it; take away the number you just thought of. Serve the dumpling (dimpling slightly) to famished gangsters.

For those people who do not think this column intellectual enough we present a special version of Little Jack Horner.

Little Jack Horner sat in a mural intersection
Masticating pastry.
He inserted his phalanx
And extricated a delectable fruit
exclaiming:
"Aren't I prodigiously precocious?"

The above was contributed by a Freshie. Who said they don't know from nothing?

People have been simply wonderful this week, contributing all sorts of interesting information. We were sorta moaning about essays and reference books piling up, when a chap said to us: "Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come." Does that mean the professors won't collect the essays, and therefore we won't have to write them, and therefore—but before we get too involved...

Most everybody has a hobby, but we think that of Oklahoma Professor Ralph Biefang really takes the cake. He collects smells. Has over 250 varieties of oils and aromatics filed away for reference. His students in the Department of Pharmacognosy test their nasal I.Q. by identifying some of them by smell alone. None of the odours are obnoxious or asphyxiating, simply because Professor Biefang doesn't like that kind. Since he first received publicity as a smellbinder, Biefang has received contributions from all over the world.

A Toronto student wonders how Germany is smelling these days. Good question—that.

We present with pride a lovely poem sent in by a lovely co-ed, "Couleur de Rose" (no, not the co-ed, the poem; weak, but we just had to say it):

Summer roses falling, falling on the grass,
Petal showers of crimson, white and gold,
Beauty wilting, wilting, as the days of sunshine pass.
But oft remembered when the heart is old.

Other flowers may blossom, ere the fleeting year be done,
And autumn brings its purple after-glow,
But the magic of the rises is the glory of the sun,
And Time stands still while summer roses blow.

Time stands still—while memory gleams the garnered sweet,
The other world of rapture in a rose,
Soft we tread the fallen flow'rs with hushed, reluctant feet,
Flow'rs adrift with dreams that no one knows.

Gateway Goes to Press Amid Glue, Scissors and Wastepaper; Uses Division of Labor Principle

Twice a week neat piles of Gateways are placed in the Arts foyer, the library of the Medical building, and a few other places about the campus. To the average student who takes one or two or a half dozen copies, the paper is a gift from the gods, even though it may not be food for angels. He doesn't know where it comes from. He doesn't know who prints it or what prints it. Some think that they get it for nothing, little suspecting that a two-dollar subscription fee was painlessly extracted when they paid their registration money.

The Gateway is not a bi-weekly bunny that is pulled from a magician's hat. The birth of The Gateway is a long, tedious process that takes time and a good deal of work. The nerve centre of the organ is located at the north end of the Arts building, next door to the S.C.M. It is here that each edition goes through its period of gestation.

If you wish to see The Gateway office, come around some cold, dull Monday morning. If you hold your breath, you may be able to squeeze in. Standing knee-deep in wastepaper with the rest of the mob, you itemize the office equipment. There are three desks with three typewriters, a telephone, a filing cabinet to store the "cuts," a work desk where the paper is assembled, and a wastepaper basket with an inferiority complex. Above the work desk in a square slot box where reporters may place their finished assignments.

The staff is organized like a feudal hierarchy. At the top of the pyramid is the editor-in-chief. Under him are his four chief vassals: the two edition editors, the business manager, and the circulation manager. The edition editors have their own news editors, feature editors, sports editors and reporters. Every body has an assistant. The Casseroles editor is common property, working on both editions.

Let's trace a mythical assignment. The editor-in-chief has heard that a famous explorer is going to visit the University. He has just returned from Peru, where he discovered the price of peanuts or something. Learning backwards in his easy chair, the big push tells an edition editor that Wendel Mendel, the famous explorer, is in town, that he is going to give an address in Convocation Hall, and that it wouldn't be a bad idea to get a feature story on him. In this way he passes the bucket to the edition editor, who passes the bucket to the feature editor, who passes the bucket to some giggling freshette reporter, who is just too thrilled for words to be left holding the bucket.

This freshette reporter, whom we will call Theresa, tries vaguely to get in touch with that famous explorer, Wendel Mendel, and at last succeeds in buttonholing the illustrious gentleman. Timidly she questions him about the price of peanuts in Peru, and condescendingly he tells her about the price of peanuts in Peru.

With all the "dope" scribbled in improvised shorthand she returns to her two by four room in Pembina. She still doesn't know that there are typewriters in The Gateway office, so she writes her story in beautiful, trailing longhand. Her story is left in the feature editor's box. He reads it, grunts, draws a blue-line through the first paragraph, grunts again and places it in the edition editor's box. The edition editor sees it, reads it, mutters "Should never start a paragraph with the word 'the'." The editor-in-chief hears him.

"What have you got?" he asks. "Price of peanuts in Peru." "Let's see. I wish these dames would write '30' at the end of their stories." The editor-in-chief writes "30" with a flourish on the last page, "30" being the newspaper sign for "the end."

You are standing idly by. Someone hands you Theresa's assignment with the curt command to take it to the print shop. No one actually knows where the print shop is, but you recall a dim rumor that it is somewhere in the basement of the Arts building. Wandering through the dungeon-like corridors downstairs, you at last come across the print shop.

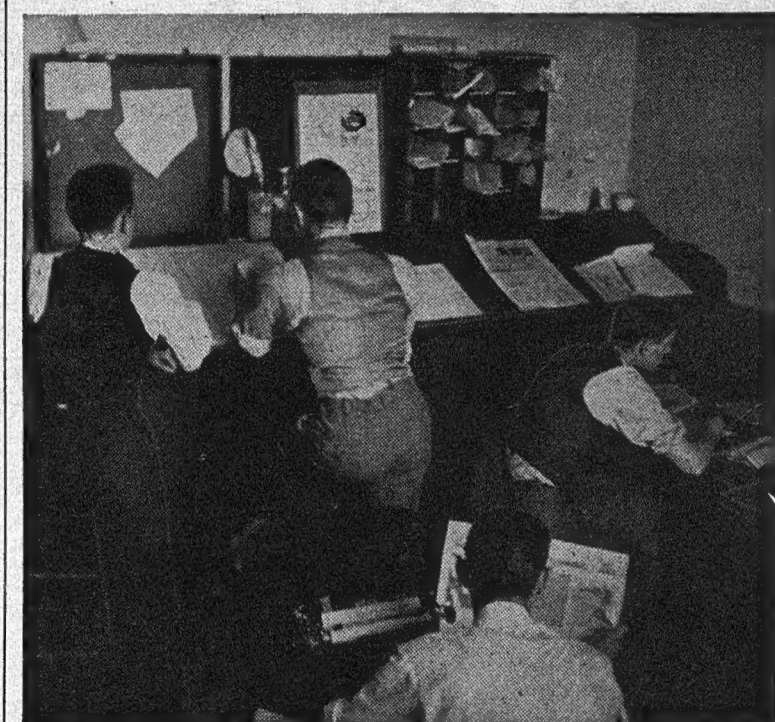
When the door is opened a bell clangs with a sound that is reminiscent of Charlie McCarthy spitting in

a cuspidor. There are two ladies in the office. One of them takes the assignment and asks laconically: "Is that all you've got?"

You respond in the affirmative, and she says: "When do you expect to get this rag out?"

"Christmas."

Perhaps you have never seen the inside of the print shop, so you ask



This is one process in the publishing of The Gateway. Twice a week editors go through these labor pains, in an endeavor to get the paper out eight hours behind schedule. The scene here is the setting up of pages, preparatory to printing.

politely if you may. Wendel Mendel has now progressed to the linotype machine. George Campbell, who is the machine's operator, touches the keys deftly, and in no time at all our courageous explorer is set in lead slugs. These slugs are placed in a tray, inked, and two impressions, called "galley proofs", are made. These are taken upstairs to the office.

If you are still stand around, somebody will ask you to "proof-read" the galleys, or in other words to read over the proofs, making any necessary corrections. Sometimes a word is misspelled:

"Mountaineering in the Andes, the explorer resolutely worked his way up the narrow neck; he slipped, but clung tenaciously to the topboil."

The correction is made so that "top-boil" will read "topsoil."

Perhaps George could not read Theresa's beautiful, trailing longhand, so we get the odd mixup:

"Returning on a Peruvian nag 88/a the explorer returning on a Peruvian nag returning the nag explorer."

Remember that there were two galley proofs made. One of these, the one with the corrections, is sent back to the print shop in order that the slugs may be rectified. The other proof is kept to be cut up for the printer's dummy.

Making this dummy is the next step in The Gateway's progress. For each sheet that will be in the issue, two duplicate sheets, the exact size of Gateway pages, have been in the hands of the business manager. These sheets are ruled and marked in inches. On them he has blocked off all the advertising that has been solicited. One copy has been sent to the print shop, where the advertisements are set up. The other stays in The Gateway office. This is the dummy.

Assembling the dummy is accompanied by excitement, snapping scissors, and flying glue. Discovering that the paper should have been to press hours ago, the staff snaps out of its lethargy and works with a vengeance. Stories on the galley proof are cut out and pasted in the exact positions where they will appear in the paper. Above the stories numbers are hurriedly written down. Headlines corresponding to these numbers are pulled out of thin air. The dripping, panting dummy is rushed to the print shop.

Alf Hartwig, the print shop's foreman, looks at the dummy, then flips

the columns into their designated positions. Then he handsets the headlines. If the page is too loose for the "chase" it is tightened with thin strips of lead slipped between the lines. A copy corresponding to the galley proof, called the "page proof," is made. Again The Gateway staff corrects the errors, and at last the parer is ready to go to press.

It is "put to bed" by Pete Biollo, the pressman. Walking along the hall in the basement you can hear the press begin to groan. The Gateway is going through labor. The circulation manager runs out with the first few copies, and another Gateway has been born.

What about Theresa and Wendel Mendel and the price of peanuts in Peru? It is not on the first page,

is deserted. In one corner a lone janitor stands to his waist in wastepaper. Near his stomach a crumpled galley proof rests upon a sea of crumpled galley proofs. It is Theresa's story, and across it is written, "Kill!"

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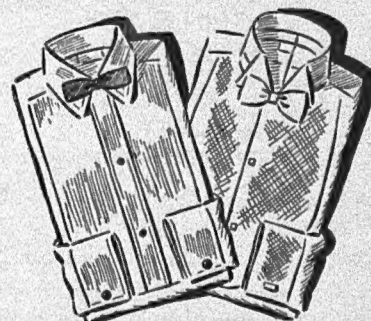
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GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

Bears Maul Huskies in Opener Hardy Series

IMPORTANT!

Will the athletic managers of each faculty please meet in the Physical Education Office, Room 32 Athabasca, on Thursday, Nov. 7, at 4:30. If the manager cannot come, please send a representative.

This is very important, as it concerns interfaculty sport for the remainder of the year.

J. H. PANTON.

SWIMMING CLUB

Meets Wednesday night, Nov. 6. Women at Y.W.C.A., 8:15-10:00. Lessons by Jim Pantan, 9:00-9:30. Men at Y.M.C.A. from 8:15 on. Women must have health certificates.

NOTICE

Students' Union Telephone Directories will be given out for the last time in the basement of the Arts Building from 9:00 to 11:00 on Wednesday, November 6.

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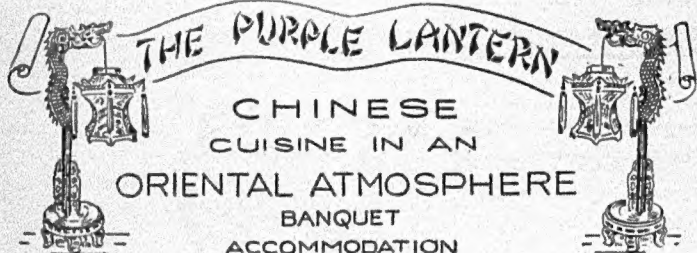
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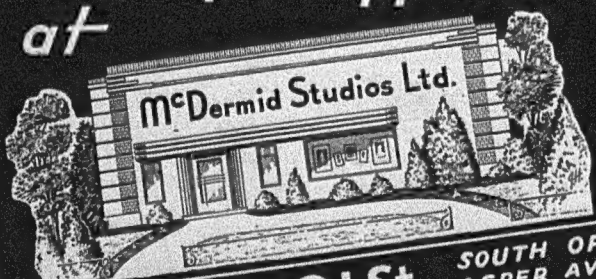
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PHONE 25444

Varsity Trims Traditional Rival in Thrilling Battle; Huskies Snowed Under 27-5

SASKATCHEWAN GOES DOWN FIGHTING

Hall Standout for Green and White

U. of A. Golden Bears fulfilled every expectation, and more, as they snowed U. of S. Huskies under a 28-5 score Saturday. The Bears were only in danger once, as they outkicked and outran a Saskatchewan team that revealed a distinct lack of practice. It was the first time that an Alberta team has shown such superiority over a Saskatchewan entry in several years. Around fifteen hundred enthusiastic fans acclaimed the victory.

The Huskies, stopped cold on running plays, uncovered a versatile pass attack, which was the mainstay of their offense.

The Bears shone in all departments, though their defense play, especially on passes, was distinctly not up to scratch. However, on offense they had all the power and speed necessary to keep well into Huskie territory.

Shortly after the opening whistle, a prolonged punting exchange gave the Albertans a distinct advantage. Set back to their 50 yard line by a Saskatchewan punt, the play gave the ball to Bob Freeze, who galloped through a maze of tacklers for 50 yards. Don Johnston plunged, or rather walked, through a huge hole, to cross the line for first blood in the game. McCallum's convert was blocked by hard driving Huskie linemen. The first quarter closed with Alberta ahead by 5-0.

In the opening minutes of the second quarter the Saskatchewan team pulled a sequence play, two plays out of the same huddle. Jack Millar stopped the first run cold, but the second play took the Albertans off guard, and after three laterals Huskies were stopped for a gain of fifteen yards. Saskatchewan passing put the ball down in Bear territory, but when Alberta got possession McCallum backed through centre for 70 yards in a great exhibition of running. Don Johnston plunged across for the second touchdown. McCallum converted.

Throughout this quarter Saskatchewan ground plays were consistently broken up before they could get away by Bear gridders.

Towards half-time McCallum attempted a field goal, but the ball passed beneath the uprights. Ed Lewis and Stan Waters rouged the Huskie back for another point, making the score 12-0.

With the commencement of the second half the Huskies began to roll. A couple of sequences and a good punt placed the Huskies deep in Alberta territory. Skipper Hall finally wound up the drive when he raced across for the Huskies' only score of the game. Hall, by the way, showed one the fastest pair of heels seen in some time. A convert was attempted, but was nullified. For the rest of the quarter the Huskies held the Bears to little gain and no scoring.

In the final frame Bears went to work with a powerful attack that rolled up three touchdowns and one convert for the final score of 28-5. Don Johnston set up the first attempt when he made a brilliant 35-yard run. McCallum passed to Grisdale on the extreme right and Lloyd took the ball across. McCallum's convert was blocked for the second time in the game. The Huskies' line charging on kicks certainly paid dividends.

Bears were soon pressing the Saskatchewan line again, and with a few minutes to play Johnston made his third touchdown. McCallum kicked the convert giving the Bears a twenty-three to five edge. Just to help things along, Bud Foley bucked to pay dirt. The play had been set up when Bob Freeze tossed a thirty yard pass to Foley, who scooped up the ball with one hand. An end run placed the boys in position.

Despite difficult playing conditions fumbles in the game were few. The Bears had a decided margin in play, and really turned in a great game for U. of A. Every man on the team played heads up football — Freeze, Johnston, Millar, McCallum in the backfield, Lambert, Ulrich, McCannell, Waters and others in the line.

For the Huskies, Skipper Hall, Caswell, McConnel, Kemp, Pinder turned in first rate performances.

LINEUPS:
HUSKIES — Quinlan, Smithwick, McLeod, Caswell, Trayner, McConnel, Wenhardt, Kosi, Goldie, Rayner, Kemp, Nagel, Berry, Van Haerlem, Buller, Mile, Pinder, Epp, Hall, Cole, Lamb, Young.

BEARS — Lambert, McCannell, Flavin, Ryski, Ulrich, Waters, Simpson, Inkpen, Lewis, D'Appolonia, Dalsin, Smith, Willox, Blench, McDonald, Baker, Neilson, Stewart, Grisdale, Johnston, Millar, McCallum, Freeze, Foley.

NOTICE

Applications for the position of Manager of Senior Hockey should be handed in to The Gateway office not later than Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 4 p.m.

Heard, Read and Seen

By FRED KENDRICK

Alberta fans have come to expect from Saskatchewan athletic teams a do-or-die spirit that has characterized Green and White endeavors for as many years as there have been teams. This year's Saskatchewan rugby team lived up to that tradition nobly, and exhibited on Saturday afternoon a spirit that almost belies the score. They were outplayed, but not outfought. They return to Saskatchewan with a new realization of just what Alberta has this year—and of the task that confronts them in the return game in Saskatoon.

Numerous fans had a bit of an eye-opener Saturday. The "Easterners" did provide one or two surprises for the local aggregation. Not the least of Coach Fritz's worries will be the evolution of a new pass defence for the next game. The highly touted "sequence" plays are good only for their surprise value—but Alberta had little difficulty with them after the first one tried.

Personally, we feel all you good people who went down and gave the boys your vociferous support on Saturday deserve a couple of hearty claps, too. It was chilly enough to take all the brass monkeys in—we hope they did!

To return to the rugby game for a moment. We imagine that Coaches Kent Phillips and Father Lebel of Saskatchewan must feel pretty proud of their "Skipper" Hall. From where we sat it looked as though Hall did more to throw fear into the hearts of Varsity supporters than any other twelve Green and White men. Hall starred in the Huskies' game against Regina Dales on the 28th, too. Incidentally, this same boy learned his rugby at Regina Central Collegiate.

Oh, yes, the ladies, God bless them! Especially after last week. We wish to publicly thank Jean Hill and her cohorts for the very fine job they did for the girls' edition. Without fear or favor, with malice toward none, they turned in a first-class job. Let's do it again sometime, eh?

We were glad to see Jack Jorgens at the game Saturday. While Jack has still quite a distance to go before he is back in A1 shape, it's good to know he is up and about. Our other major casualty, Harry Leggett, is doing well, too. Harry seems to hold number one place as "hard luck" man in athletic participation hereabouts. It is unfortunate that the services of such a stellar athlete should be lost to Varsity.

The hockey pot is beginning to simmer. The way things appear at present, Varsity will definitely have a team that will and lustre to our laurels. With our hockey team, basketball team, boxers, fencers, wrestlers, swimmers and puck-chasers, it really looks like a "new era for Alberta."

What a line-up! Yes, there is a Santa Claus. Draw two—to the nth!!!

A.C.L. Trim Aps To Enter Final Meet Engineers

On Sunday morning two interfaculty rugby teams waged a bitter battle. In zero weather and on a frozen grid, the two teams battled it out to determine who was to meet the Engineers in the sudden death game for the interfaculty championship.

Both teams fought gamely, and play was even throughout the game. It was not until shortly after half-time that R. Schrader of the Arts-Comm-Law team, kicking on a third down, booted over the line to McNaughton, who fumbled momentarily before he was downed by a swarm of tacklers. That gave the Arts-Comm-Law boys a point, to which they hung on desperately. The Aggies never gave up trying, and fought back desperately from their 25-yard line to their opponents' 15-yard line. It was then on the last play of the game that the Aggies had their chance to either tie the game with a kick to the deadline, or if Dame Fortune smiled on them, kick and hope for a fumble. Instead they attempted a long shot, a placement kick for three points, which a charging Arts-Comm-Law line promptly blocked, and the game was theirs. The only casualty of the game was Bruce Sangster, who had to retire early with a badly wrenched back. R. Schrader, M. Santopinto and A. Nicol stood out for the Arts-Comm-Law team, while Timmins, Christie and McNaughton were the best for the Ags. Everyone on both teams gave their best—quarter was neither asked nor given. Dr. J. E. Bowstead of the Ag faculty, was the only spectator, and he was quickly pressed into service on one end of the yardsticks. Jack Millar and Bob Freeze handled the game to the satisfaction of everyone.

LINEUPS:
Arts-Comm-Law — B. Sangster, A. Nicol, R. Schrader, M. Santopinto, J. Ellis, G. Treacy, R. Wendt, D. Carr, H. Jones, J. French, J. Rae, R. Layton, D. Larue, G. Brimacombe, C. Compton, G. Smith, Pylus, B. Anderson, I. Dunaway, R. Flumerfelt.
Ags — Timmins, Christie, Magee, Stelfox, McNaughton, Lubert, Hanson, Dolson, Manning, Holmes, Bevin, Golberg, Anderson, Hill, Rigney, Jackson, Bicknell, Wilson, Millar, McKinley.

Girl Hoopsters Choose Squad; Trip Probable

Saturday saw the choosing of the women's senior basketball team which will participate in the city league as well as in intercollegiate games this winter. Out of the ten girls making the team, only three are veterans from last year.

The support so far this year has been the best yet shown in women's sports. Those not making the grade will enter the house league as members of the seven teams taking part. Since there are seven novices with the seniors, it will take a lot of co-operation between coach and girls to shape up an aggregation for worth-while competition, but with the prospect of a trip to Saskatchewan in view, there promises to be no lack of effort.

Those turning out for practices are: Mona Asselstine, Jean Robertson, Marg Gulick, Marg Willox, Chris Willox, Louise McCauley, Jean Hill, Pat Cave, Pat Foster, Kay Lind.

NOTICE

The Outdoor Club will hold a general meeting Wednesday night at eight o'clock. Watch bulletin boards for place.



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